

"GOD'S BLESSING ON YE MEN OF ERIN==ALL." } Translated
 } From the Gaelic.
 —St. Patrick's Blessing at Tara

LATEST
AFTERNOON EDITION

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ASK SECOND DEGREE

2 DEAD, 1 DYING IN CRASH OF TRAINS ON B. & M.

Special to the Boston American.
BUTSON CENTER, N. H., March 17.—
A misunderstanding of orders by the crew
of an extra Boston & Maine freight train
caused the death of a woman and injured
the lives of two trainmen early to-
day, when the train, traveling at twenty-
five miles an hour, crashed head on into
a passenger train bound from Worcester
for Portland.
The dead are:
JOHN McLELLAN, Bremen, Washou.
The injured are:
HUGH E. SHAW, Nashua, engineer.
The engine was out of gear and
the locomotive will die.
The injured men are: Frank Park, 35,
N. Y. Central, back; and John
These injured were taken to Lawrence
City Hospital on a special train.

Crash at Butcher's Hill.
The wreck occurred in what is known as
Butcher's Hill, near Lawrence, Mass.
The engines were reduced to a mass of tan-
der and steel, care piled up and thrown down.

[illegible]

HOLD UP NIGHT TELEGRAPHER; WRECK OFFICE

PAULISTS HEAR CONFESSIONS UP TO MIDNIGHT

[illegible][illegible]

SOUTH BOSTON GAY FOR BIG CELEBRATIONS

**And this
to be worth
lars. DO
HIM?**

Peninsula Is in Tala Attire in Honor of St. Patrick and Evacuation Day.

There isn't a son of old Ireland in South Boston to day who will not swear that the sun shined when it climbed out of the bay this morning.

It is St. Patrick's 17th. That's why.

South Boston is a blazon of green, red, white and blue from City Point to Dover street. The streets are filled with unnumbered flags and pennants.

Shamrocked washes, glistening. It's the Feast of St. Patrick, and the people are celebrating the fact intended to let anyone on the peninsula forget it.

It is also Evacuation Day. One hundred and thirty-five to-day the Yankee drove Lord Howe and his band of redcoats from the peninsula.

That an every Irishman in South Boston should love and prize that day is not surprising. Some day he will be driven from the nation.

**Richest Man in the World
Home Into Fort
Tower and Regu
Kidnappers.**

BY BOSTON AMERICAN
NEW YORK, March 17.—S
guards, hidden in his home in Lak
has been sought by detectives al
been found by the Evening Jour
In deadly fear of being kid
world" has a small army of arm
and night.

Streets Cleared for Parade.
Javaliers from the navy, naval and military leaders and other marching organizations will be in the big Evacuation parade which will start at 10 o'clock and will be reviewed by Governor Guild and adjutant-general John C. Matric, according to the chief marshals and staffs at the convention. The streets over which the men will march will be cleared of all vehicles as far as possible, and the marchers will not have to wait for traffic to clear.

There are a large number of entertainments scheduled for the night in various parts of the city. The program of the restrictions of the Catholic church will be the rule.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians are born from all parts of the island. The parade will be held in the streets, the visiting members in Brooklyn, New York, and Albany streets, where the parade will be held.

Powerful searchlights have been turned on the night, and the guards have received a report that the intruder found lurking around the building.

Fear of process servers came into the minds of the armed men. He knows that the intruder is in New York in connection with the case of the State of Missouri against the oil company.

IN DEADLY FEAR OF KIDNAPPER

One of Mr. Roddey's employees says he is in deadly terror of the kidnapper that a band of kidnappers will carry him off bodily and hold him captive for a long time. Because

[illegible]

for a pretty tanktop. For this terror he has been secreted for four months with armed sentries protecting every approach to him.

HOW ROCKEFELLER WAS FOUL

BY THOMAS R. DIBBLER

Found—John D. Rockefeller in the flesh, posing the sunny parlor of his home at Lakewood, New Jersey, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 3 p. m., March 15, 1968. Missed papers and copy.

Keeping himself secreted in his house day and night, surrounded by guards, the richest man in America is as much a prisoner as was Napoleon on the island of St. Helena.

**s man is said
a billion dol-
YOU ENVY**

World Converts Lakewood
 ... With Searchlight
 ... Patrol—Terror

LEADED WIRE.
surrounded by a cordon of armed
men, John D. Rockefeller, who
and process men for four months, was
nual.
kidnapped, the "richest man in the
men men thrown around his house day
been placed in a tower for use as a
served orders to shoot down any in
place after nightfall.
must be the only motive of the oil
dom and protecting himself with
the subpoena that has been issued for
with the proceedings brought by the
trust is not valid in New Jersey.
na) hiding place, aided by searchlight

That he was secreted for a time at residence at Tarrytown has been disclosed by the Evening Journal reporter. Armed guards and searchlights had been installed there also.

By night he fled in an automobile to Lakewood. There he was traced by a porter, who at last was able to elude guards and come face to face with Rockefeller.

KEFEELER JUND HINDING

free bottle, to prove that it does all that is claimed for it. Send a postal to Minard's Liniment Company, South Framingham, Mass.

LONDON GOES MAJIVE CRAZY

LONDON, Eng., March 17. A madness for mauve colors has seized this city. There is no distinction—society has seized upon mauve for walking costumes and evening wear, shop girls use it for their dresses and hats, and laborers wear it in neckties and gloves.

There is no escaping it, and it is shown in some of the most astounding hues. Gunfire ship windows are devoted to dazzle displays of neckwear and other store are showing massive purses, chateaux shoes, gloves, waist belts, and even prayer books. Nearly all the hats displayed by Regent street milliners are in the massive shades.

There is no end to the craze. Automobiles are being lined with mauve, theatre programmes and cards of mauve, the mauve ribbon and lace, rate and

powders are being made in the color.

GIRL TAKES POISON; WALKS MILE TO DIE

PLAINVILLE, Ct., March 17.—Miss Etta Senn, thirty-eight years old, took a dose of poison yesterday, walked a mile to the home of Mrs. Nelson Culver, told what she had done, and died.

The highest-grade, lowest-price clothing that bears the Union Label is **Manne** made.

*If it's correct, it's at Morse's.
If it's at Morse's, it's correct.*

MORSE MADE



**MORSE-MADE
TOPCOATS**

Yes, indeed, our topcoats are ready, even if the weather isn't. Better make your selec-

tion a little ahead of time, anyway. Lots of men make the mistake of waiting until they are forced to buy

clothes, and then they hurry through it without giving us half a chance to show them the extent of our stock.

Don't *you* do that. *You* come in *now* and ask us to show *you*, among other

things, our Lafayette Top-coat, the new form-fitting model.

Goodyear Rubbers	.85c
1 Buckle Aretics	\$1.75
4 Buckle Aretics	\$2.75

Open Saturday Until 10 P. M.

Leopold Morselt

127-137
Washington
Street

Adams Square

Corner
Brattle
Street

WHEN AT THE ALCO GROSS

WHEN AT THE AUTO SHOW
DON'T FAIL TO CALL
At Our Exhibit in
MECHANICS HALL

NATIONAL

CHASSIS

THE CAR OF
RELIABILITY and ENDURANCE

4 and 6 CYLINDER \$3,000 and \$4,000
LINSCOTT MOTOR CO.

Lloyd's Kryptok

Integral Bifocal
Lenses: uniting inseparably
Far and Near glasses in a single
pair.

They are very nice; comfortable to wear; invisible in appearance, and wholly free from all faults of running cement, blurring and spotting.

Andrew J. Lloyd & Co.
2 Stores: *Downtown, 315 Washington St.*
Back Bay, 310 Haystack St.

For Woman's Eye
The smallest



The eminent,
sanative, anti-
septic, cleans-
ing, purifying,
and beautifying

properties of CUTICURA SOAP
and CUTICURA OINTMENT
render them of priceless value to

**Save Your Dollars
Trade at Moll's**

LAFAYETTE 885 CAMBRIDGEPORT

ASTROLOGY.

and wholesale dealers "A" at Nos. 158 and 1
Endicott st., 25 Thacher st., 3 Thacher st. and
bulkhead entrance. In said Boston, in three rooms
first floor, collar for stock only, of said bulkhead
THOMAS RYAN, Clerk.

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST
60 AND 82 SUMMIT ST., BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1906

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

The National Day of a Fighting People

It is evident that the days of necessary fighting against oppression are not ended. In America especially the people need, and seem to lack, the peculiar tendency to rebel against injustice that alone makes liberty permanent or possible.

If his vote is stolen the American shrugs his shoulders, smiles AND STANDS IT.

If he sees a man fraudulently put into office, making of the republican form of government a joke, the American talks for a little while, then once more shrugs his shoulders AND STANDS IT.

If one Trust squeezes him in this direction, another in that, he talks a little, but shrugs his shoulders AND STANDS IT.

He is driven like a balky pig into the street cars "belonging" to monopolists, and HE STANDS THAT.

If he is swindled by gas companies that buy up his public officials HE STANDS THAT.

The specialty of the American citizen just at present seems to be THE ENDURING OF ALL WRONGS HUMBL Y AND QUIETLY—anything rather than a fight.

Therefore we are glad that St. Patrick's Day comes round to remind the American citizen that there is one nation at least that believes in fighting.

The Irish are before and above everything else A FIGHTING PEOPLE. Before the little Emerald Isle was their headquarters, when they were a great roving power on the mainland, in the German regions and in Spain, the Celtic chief who talked to Alexander the Great, then bound on conquest, expressed the idea well. Alexander thought it would be nice to give the wild Celtic chieftain a chance to pay a pretty compliment, so he asked him, "What are you afraid of?" He thought the answer would be, of course, that the Celt was afraid of the majesty of Alexander, but not at all. The reply was:

"I am afraid the sky may fall on my head; I am afraid of nothing else."

There are to be many speeches at Irish dinners and elsewhere to-night. We hope that speakers, for the benefit of their American hearers, will emphasize this fighting quality of the Irish nation.

They should emphasize, too, the fact that the fight of Ireland has always been made against overwhelming odds, HOPELESS ODDS.

Only the marvellous vitality of the Irish people could survive what that people have gone through and still present a fighting, undiminished front to the power of England.

At one time, when murder had already cut down the youth of the nation, forty thousand WENT INTO EXILE, AND THAT DID NOT WEAKEN THE IRISH SPIRIT.

Cromwell murdered his tens of thousands, famines murdered his hundreds of thousands—that did not destroy the fighting spirit.

Laws were passed to keep the Irish farmer from selling his cattle, other laws were passed forcing him to sell to an Englishman at a maximum price of five pounds any horse that he might own—many an Irishman shot the horse rather than let the Englishman have it. These infamous laws against agriculture, trade and industry did not crush the Irish fighting character.

Year after year immigration to this country and to other countries, stimulated by English injustice, has been bleeding the Irish nation, and yet the fight is kept on at home, as it is kept up loyally here in America and elsewhere.

While other and bigger nations of the world have given in, settled down submissively to take things as they come, the extraordinary fighting character of the Irish has kept them rebellious and RESISTING, until now this last election in England shows the power of Irish agitation and rebellion, and offers new hopes of an honorable solution of the great Irish questions WHICH CAN ONLY BE FOUND IN HOME RULE.

Persecution of the Irish by the power of England has been kept up with extraordinary animosity and energy WITH ALL THE RESOURCES, MILITARY AND FINANCIAL, OF A POWERFUL COUNTRY—but the work of subjugation could never be made complete, AND IT NEVER WILL BE MADE COMPLETE.

Hypocrisy has been the basis of English misgovernment for years, for centuries—a stupid insular assumption of superior character, even of superior morality.

Henry the Second, trying to conquer Ireland more than seven hundred years ago, announced that his aim was "to enlarge the bounds of the church, to restrain the progress of vices, to correct the manners of its (Ireland's) people, to plant virtue among them and to increase the Christian religion."

To those who know the intensely religious character of the Irish people, to those who know that plain STATISTICS prove beyond all question the Irish people to be freer from vice than any other, such a declaration stands as typical of England's attitude to Ireland.

Misrepresentation by well-meaning snobs, oppression frankly brutal and murderous, have alike failed to discourage the Irish.

They still agitate, still rebel against English injustice, still demand their rights—AND THEY'LL GET THEM.

They offer an excellent example to the people of America, so submissive in the presence of lawlessness from above, so willing apparently to give up their own rights rather than face a struggle to maintain them.

Little Editorials from the People

TO AS FREIGHT RATES

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

A commission should be appointed by Congress to establish a classification that will govern on interstate freight traffic throughout the United States, the carriers to have the right to have an exception made to this classification, giving lower classification to certain commodities, but not higher.

As it is at present, there are numerous classifications governing in different sections of the country, many commodities getting a lower classification in one territory than in another and vice versa. From the fact that the carriers of the Mississippi River certain points east of the Mississippi have a lower classification than certain points in the same territory against certain commodities, and that through carelessness or intent on the part of employees of railroad companies, mistakes are made, the shipper has to suffer.

Yours truly, A FRIEND OF THE SHIPPER.

THE PEOPLE CAN BETHROTHEN KING CASE

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

Did our forefathers, when they declared that we are, and of right ought to be, free and independent, foresee the time when our country would be ruled by a king more cruel than any that ever sat upon a throne, a king who would take the bread out of the mouth of our father himself, a king who not only rule this country, but whose kingdom is the world?

We believe in our forefathers had foreseen that such a king would rule our country, they would have made an amendment to the constitution to limit the power of this mighty monarch. And King Case always has and always will, in a certain extent, rule the world. We only hope and believe the power to suppress this mighty tyrant.

We believe that will elevate the working man to a position of honor.

For Fairness, Mr. LEN ACHORN.

AREN'T MEN THE WRETCHES?

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1.—MR. BOUNDER—Say, old man, we've a great lark on for to-night. Vanderhouse has lost a bet of a dinner, with wine, for five. After the dinner we're going to see the Thirtieth Century Maids Burlesque. Come, get a move on you—you are one of the few.



2.—MR. SNOOKS—Gee whizz! I can't go. My wife expects me home to dinner. But wait a minute. I'll see what I can do over the phone. Is that you, Clara? Clara, give very swell customers have just come in, and I am going to bring them home to dinner.



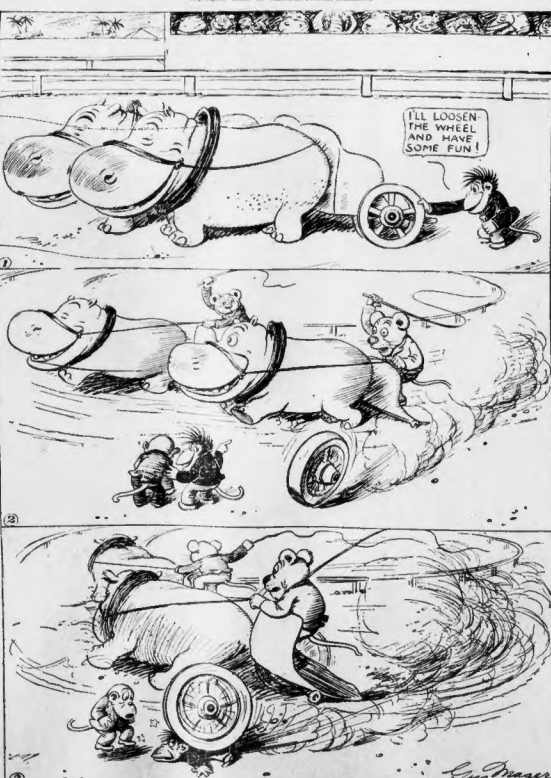
3.—MRS. SNOOKS'S VOICE OVER THE PHONE—John Snooks, are you crazy? What are you thinking of? How do you think I can be prepared for five guests at a woman's notice? You must be insane. Don't bring them home here, as you value your future happiness. TAKE THEM TO A RESTAURANT.



4.—MRS. SNOOKS—John Snooks, I just called up tonight to see whether you were crazy or not. The very idea of your notifying me you were going to bring five men home to dinner! Don't you ever startle me that way again. In you understand? Restaurants are the places to take customers to dinner. Kiss MR. SNOOKS (sneakily)—All right, dear, I'll remember.

A JUNGLE CHARIOT RACE

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And What became of the Monk, the Monk, the Monk?

Ireland's Lesson
for America

Victories Are Won by Fighting

This is St. Patrick's Day, full of dear memories and associations for every man of Irish birth or blood. It is a day that has its meaning also for the American citizen, who may not share the patriotic enthusiasm and emotions of the Irish people.

It is proper on this day to pay a tribute to the character of the Irish race.

It is especially appropriate to emphasize FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE the great and peculiar quality of the people of Ireland.

The people of this country NEED a good example in the power of endless resistance. And every page of the history of Ireland offers that example.

Ireland, a small land, made poor by shameful discrimination, unjust taxation, still fights on for liberty.

Ireland, drained of life blood by immigration, weakened from year to year by oppression that has driven the youngest and the strongest away from home, STILL FIGHTS ON FOR LIBERTY, still refuses to admit the right of any race or power to rule in Ireland against the will of IRISHMEN.

Other lands long ago submitted to power that apparently could not be overcome. Other lands accepted the presence, the religion, the ways and the dictation of the conqueror.

But in England at this moment, as it has been for centuries past, THE GREAT QUESTION IS THE IRISH QUESTION. And the intelligent Englishmen know that that question cannot be settled UNTIL IT IS SETTLED RIGHT—in favor of the Irish, of freedom and of justice.

"Agitation means liberty," said Wendell Phillips, and that truth was in the mind and in the conduct of every Irishman long before Wendell Phillips was born.

Ever since Henry the Second started, in the Twelfth Century, his expedition to conquer Ireland—an expedition which failed—the English have tried, and tried vainly, to crush among the Irish the spirit of agitation and rebellion. The people of Ireland have been killed with famines, shot down by soldiers, hanged, coerced, bullied, threatened, flattered. THEIR FIGHT HAS GONE ON.

In Ireland to-day, in America, in the House of Commons, WHEREVER THERE IS AN IRISHMAN, there is a persistence of the agitation, the rebellion, the determination, to resist coercion and tyranny THAT MUST MEAN LIBERTY IN THE END.

As the Irish fought beneath the walls of Limerick, and as they fought and won within those walls, so they continue their fight to this day.

Lazun, the French officer, thought it impossible for the Irish to make any stand at that spot.

"Do you call these ramparts?" he sneered. "The English will need no cannon: they may batter them down with roasted apples."

Nevertheless twenty thousand Irishmen remained there to fight. Led by a daring man they captured the English ammunition train, repelled assaults and compelled the English to give up the siege.

This fighting against odds through centuries is the great glory of the people of Ireland.

And this spirit of rebellion and of agitation is the great lesson for Americans in this annual celebration of the Irish day of rejoicing.

The American people have plenty of Irish blood in their veins. They have had the example of plenty of Irish soldiers in every war. They still have the example of the Irish fighting spirit in every cabled description of political warfare that comes from England.

The Americans should learn for themselves the benefit of incessant and prompt rebellion. They should RESENT the stealing of their votes, the ignoring of their rights, their robbery through Trusts and STOLEN franchises, and all the other devilry which organized intelligence has perpetrated without serious resistance thus far.

Agitation MEANS FREEDOM. Learn that from the Irish.

As to the Blizzard

By James J. Montague

ALL the crocuses were blooming and the drowsy bees were booming. And to wit and wifful Winter we had had a last goodbye! Robins from the southland winging, blackbirds in the orchard singing. Echoed prophecies of Springtime in the breeze's sweetest sigh: Spring was changing at the door, Spring was mild and gentle weather. Skies of azure bent divinely o'er the last sky-scaper's crown. And our thoughts were shy stymieing to the days we went a-Maying. When—Where—Whoop!—from out the mor'-nor-east the blizzard struck the town.

LIKE the biting breath of Bering, from Cape Cod it came careering. Wrapping the astounded robins in their long, eternal sleep. While the gentle snow came sifting through the window glass and drifting.

On habits of Chelsea, fully seven fathoms deep: While the streets were filled with flying forms of people vainly trying to arrest their headward progress as the rope dash in pursuit. Winter, for some subtle reason, tarried on the way this season. But at last it's hit this village, and it's certainly a beauty.

WHEN the shades of eve were falling, and the ferries all were crawling. Through the snow and over icebergs to the far East Boston shore. How the tempest, swiftly rising, sent a chill and paralyzing. What aleet that sleet commuters by the dozen and the score. On each elevated station folks absorbed in contemplation. Of the storm were lumbied streetward with a sure and steady aim. Yes, the Winter was belated, but it surely compensated. For that February ramblance with a vengeance when it came.

ON the plains of Athabasca, on the shores of Unalaksa. Where the ninety-five knot zephyrs fan the peevish polar bears. On the steppes of far Siberia, where each weary month seems drearier.

They say the long-drawn Winters are exceeding fierce affairs. But when gentle vernal showers have been luring foolish flowers. From the south, and every robin has been singing of the Spring. And a blizzard, unexpected, finds old Boston unprotected. We defy the world to beat it for a weird and awful thing!

A Many-Hued Tale
of Domestic Felicity

By Harry B. Metcalf

QUONG Mister Thomas Black was to wed Miss Almina White. And Nancy Greens became the bride of handsome William Gray; it happened, too, that our old friend the dashing David Knight did woo and to the altar, lead demure Diana Day.

NOT to be best, Augustus Brown swept Pauline Pearl did choose. And all set up housekeeping in a retirement of bliss. They didn't fight, 'tis strange to say, and never had the blues—The rainbow of domestic peace was always overbush.